And where did E. P. Roe? Is Thomas Hardy nowadays? Is Rider Haggard pale?
Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde? And Edward Everett Hale!

Was Laurence Sterne? was Herman Grin Was Edward Young? John Gay? Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright? And why was Thomas Gray?

Was John Brown? and is J. R. Green? Chief Justice Taney quite?

Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore? Mark Lemon? H K. White!

Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks? John Luckling vealy? Pray. Was Hogg much given to the pen? Are Lamb's Tales sold to-day?

Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time? Did C. D. Warner? How? And what did Andrew Marvell so? Does Edward Whymper now?

What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke? Or Richard Boyle beside? That gave the wicked Thomas Paine. And make Mark Akenside

Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all? Did Richard Steele, I ask? Tell me, has George A. Sala suit? Did William Ware a mask?

Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home? John Horne Tooke what and when? Is Gordon Cumming? Has G. W. Cabled his friends again? -Mary P. Rollins, in Good Housekeeping.

## OUT OF THE DEPTHS

Kate and Her Lovers-A Tale of the Mines.

"Is that your last word, Kate?" "My last." "You have no love to give me?" "How many times must you ask

"But it seems that I have looked into your eyes and that they have given me a different answer than your tongue. Deny it or not, Kate, your eyes have looked into mine and told me that I had a small place in your heart. I have seen it, say what you may, and though your voice was silent, your eyes, my bonnie Kate, have whispered soft promises that caused my temples out timber. Here the ground was so to throb and the blood to rush to my head, until I seemed half mad with

She, a stalwart English lass, brown as a berry, as handsome an example of a working woman as ever lived, laughed. It was a musical, bewitching laugh, but it sounded like a deathknell to the man who stood before her, but now and then they gazed furtively was a tall specimen of the Anglo-Saxon type of miner, with arms like a blacksmith and the legs and thighs of an athlete. Kate was daughter of the captain of the mine and came from the same part of England to America when the mining industry here was almost in its infancy; when there was no over-production of any ore, and fortunes were more easily made than now. For some time Geoffry had been suitor for her hand, and Kate had played fast and loose until at times the demon of jealousy raged so furiously that he was almost beside himself. To see his Kate, upright as a sapling-Kate, whose every movement was the majesty of motion-with the figure of a woman, and the heart and caprices of a maid; with the soft eyes of a deer and the tongue of a shrewto see Kate, the embodiment of noble physical development, in the arms of another at the dance, with no word for him, was torture, keen and exquisite. And then when he approached her, the angry flush upon his face, there was "balm in Gilead" in the soft glance she shot at him, and he forgot his resentment in the contemplation of her face. And now at twilight time they two stood just without the door of her father's cottage. The sun was going down in a haze like that seen on the ocean. It was not a golden sun, though so near its resting place, but a sun of silver, bright and shining, in harmony with the snow-covered surface of the earth and the gray sky. Above the hills the shaft houses were sharply defined against the sky, and in the distance the forests-those noble Michigan forests-seemed like a dark fringe around the pallid landscape. The man drew nearer to the woman.

"Can you deny, Kate, that your eyes have told me you might care for me?" "Pshaw! A woman's eyes, Geoffry? They may say many things they do

"You mean you have been playing

with me?" "Oh, I do not say so."

"Kate, take care." "Of what?"

"You are playing with fire, lass. My love must have its way-you must be

"Must? Indeed! You have a pleasant manner of winning a woman. Surely I may love whom I choose." 'Yes; and you love that Norwegian. At the dance I saw how you looked at him-how you encouraged him, while I

stood aside with the rage in my heart to kill you both. Before that scoundrel came between us two-" You forget yourself to defame a

man behind his back. It is cowardlyif he were here-' "You defend him. You love him?" Defiantly: "And if it were true?"

He grasped her arm with a cry. "It cannot be, Kate. You must love no one but myself. You belong to me. lass, and I-"

"Let go my arm." "I will not."

"Coward!" "Perhaps."

"I shall hate you." "It is as well since you do not love

"At last I understand you. I despise you now that I know you. Let go of

my arm." "It is the part of a man to exert color of the pallid landscape now, and brute strength over a woman. I be- she sprang up like a deer shot to the lieve you are coward enough to strike heart, while with quivering lips she

"What!" He released her arm and stood before her, pale as death. One hand he passed nervously through his hair. while his features worked convulsively. She, with figure erect and blazing

eyes, confronted him.
"If that is your last word, good-by," he said. "Tell your Norwegian to look out or I will kill him."

"Perhaps he's a better man than "Don't drive me too hard with your

"Next time you think to win a sweet-

neart, learn how to treat her." thought they heard something. They "Kate, something oppresses me. listened intently. It was a faint rap-Something is going to happen on the ping on a timber. morrow. Should you care if I met my death in the mine?" with a will, men.'

"They are alive-at least, one of

took her place among the workers.

"Yes; the Norwegian."

the Englishman, shouted:

"There's life here."

her way.

manded.

"Kate!"

pered:

dream-"

sake."

"Geoffry!"

"It is I. dear."

of the men.

"Back, lass," said her father.

At the word "dead," Kate, worn out,

The captain knelt by his side and

"Carry the lad to my house," he com-

When Geoffry came to himself he was

lying in a small room near the window.

Upon the window sill were flowers.

Bending over him was a woman.

Someone held his hand; lips were

pressed to his forehead; kindly, sym-

pathetic eyes gazed into his, and their

What did this mean? His head was

now resting on her bosom, the broad,

people. Her lips close to his whis-

"In Heaven, Kate. I have had a bad

"Hush, dear heart. Get well, for my

"Geoffry, Geoffry, sweetheart, did

you know your Kate so little you

thought to drive her? You could not

command me-your jealousy could not

force me to be yours-but you may

lead me to the end of the world. There,

close your eyes. You are worn and

weary. You have nearly passed from

me and my life would have been mis-

ery. Think how I suffered, darling,

while you were in that tomb. Then I

knew what my love for you was and I

prayed that you might be saved, that I

could hold you in my arms and beg you

to take me and cherish me. I prayed

that you might be saved so that my de-

votion could undo the harsh words of

the past. Do you forgive me, my own,

again to hear such words."

Kate is watching over you."

"Lass, lass, pray God I might die

"There, there! Speak no more, Geof-

fry. Rest, rest. The doctor said you

must sleep. Close your eyes, for your

"As I may some day watch over you,

For the first time she pressed her lips

to his, and then he slept peacefully,

with a flush upon his cheek. - When

her father entered he looked at them in

But she only smiled and gazed fondly

The sun went down that night

again in a silver haze. Over the hills

in solemn procession the miners, with

bowed heads, carried the Norwegian to

his grave. No funeral hearse, no car-

riages were there. Sadly the silver sun

sank out of sight. More vividly the

shaft houses were defined, marking

the places where human beings went

down seeking that which is in the

earth, where they are born and where

they must die. There is no happiness

not tinged with sorrow. But in the

small room a woman, whose face was

touched with silver light, bent over the

man with the solicitude that a mother

displays while looking on her siumber-

ing child. Sink, silver sun; fade, light,

from the hills; come, darkness, with

ebon shroud; murmur, gloomy voices,

through the whispering Michigan

pines! There is no night when comes

the day dawn of the soul! For mines

may give out, external things may

change, but there is that which en-

"I thought it were the other."

"While this life lasts, if you will."

"How do you feel, dearest?"

"Yes, yes, for mine-for mine."

"My sweet lass! But why-"

"For yours, Kate?"

"Love you?" Yes, yes."

"Then you-"

my treasure?

you, Kate?"

"Kiss me, dear."

"Is it so, lass?"

at the sleeping man.

"Ave. father."

tender light bewildered him.

"It is you, sweetheart."

heard the faint beating of the heart.

She laughed lightly. "Not at all." Without a word he turned and walked hastily away. She watched his figure vanishing in the light of the silver stronger arm is needed here."

"Fool!" she said. "Has he not yet learned that no man on earth may drive

Then she went into the house and stood thoughtfully near the window where were many flowers. She heard a step behind her and began to hum softly.

"Art light-hearted, lass?" said her father's voice, and the next moment she was in his arms. He looked at her proudly, with her noble figure, her strong arms and her broad, handsome face-a true woman of the people, a daughter of the mines. "Weel, thou art no featherweight, lass," he remarked, and then escaping from him, she went into the kitchen, where he heard her moving about, still humming to herself. There was a knocking on the window. Turning she saw the Norwegian and smiled pleasantly. Then he came in and asked permission to sit down and watch her preparations for supper. This she granted and his eyes brightened as he followed her with his gaze. The light fell upon her hair and there was a strange look upon

her face. "Will you not stay to supper?" she asked.

He assented eagerly. Half an hour later Geoffry, passing by, saw them all three sitting together, chatting gaily. womanly bosom, of this woman of the With a curse he turned away and for hours tramped over the snow in the darkness.

On December 28, the day following, Geoffry and the Norwegian were working on the footwall on the third tier up from the level mining out the fourth tier underhand. This portion of the mine had caved in the year previous and the rooms were filled and the posts more or less crushed, so that great care was necessary in taking out the pillars. They had worked out one lot of sets on the east side of the pillar and were engaged on the one next to it. In mining these crushed pillars, sets of smaller dimensions are used in order that very little ground should be opened at one time withsoft that laths were driven to support the back until the timber could be put in. This particular set was nearly out and a prop and head board had been erected to support the laths, this prop resting on a plank laid across the lagging of the set below. Geoffry and the Norwegian were working silently, at each other. The heart of the Englishman was full of insane jealousy and he was not himself that morning. After his long walk the evening before he had drank until daylight and now with the liquor working in his brain, mad desires chased one another through his mind and he regarded the Norwegian with the glance of a wild beast-a look that impelled the latter to the greatest caution. Never once did he turn his back to the Englishman; never once was his attention detracted from his danger. Like two dumb brutes, filled with savage impulse, the primal wish of man to kill, they worked side by side in the narrow place. The Norwegian moved to the other end where work was necessary, when suddenly he slipped. With a hoarse cry the Englishman sprang forward with uplifted implement to brain his fallen antagonist. when suddenly there was a crashing behind them; the framework gave way: huge masses of ore and rock descended with a rumble like an avalanche. The Englishman stood stock still, thinking his last day had come; in a moment he was frozen like a statue. When he recovered h's senses he heard the groan of the Norwegian and saw that he was pinned to the earth by masses of ore. Hastening to him, as best he might, he removed the ore from the crushed body, which he took in his arms and bore to the other end of the chamber in which they were literally entombed. The Norwegian was groaning in the greatest pain and Geoffry lifted his head and pressed his flask to the lips of the dying man, whose eyes never even in his agony left those of the other.

While before, the picture was that of

primal man, born to kill, to slay, to an-

nihilate, now it was a picture of that

human brotherhood which lies deep

down beneath all evil desires and

toward which the young world is strug-

gling and struggling. Into the eyes of

that horrible prison, threw himself up-

on the body and wept. How long he

remained thus he never knew, for what

are periods when anguish annihilates

time-when the lines of the poet, "out

of space, out of time," give a certain

divinity to human nature. Geoffry did

not suffer from suffocation. Although

shut out from the world by what seemed

was busy over his books in his little

office, and near him sat bonny Kate.

Why did she come? Was it to catch a

glimpse of the Norwegian as he

emerged from the shaft? Was love,

then, so impatient? A man covered

with dirt and grime rushed into the

"On the third tier. The Norwegian

Bnorgson and Geoffry were working

Kate gave a cry. Her face was the

"Is he-are they killed?" she asked,

Now in the mine the men were work-

only chance for the men was that they

were imprisoned, not crushed, and that

was a faint hope at the best. Among

the throng of workers was Kate, who

"An accident, captain-"

gazed at the messenger of evil.

"There isn't much chance."

the words falling slowly.

office.

there.

"Where?"

Free Press. DOCTORS IN MEXICO. It Is a Splendid Place for Business if a

the Norwegian the Englishman was gazing. Both were members of the An American doctor who has taken same fraternal working order. The up his residence in Mexico is now in breath of the dying man came in gasps, Houston, Tex., visiting his former shorter and shorter; the light faded friends. He has become somewhat from those deep-set eyes and the form Mexicanized in his dress and otherbecame stiff. Geoffry's rival was dead. The Englishman, shut up in "How do you like it in Mexico?"

asked one of his friends. "It's a fine country for a doctor."

"I shouldn't think you would like to cast your lot in such an out-of-the-way

"I know there are objections to an American living in Mexico, but, as I said, for a doctor it is the best country in the world."

a solid wall a draft of air was apparent and it was evident there were crevices "You see, if you manage things right ou are never blamed, no matter Meanwhile the news of the disaster whether the patient gets well or not." had spread far and wide. The captain

"How do you arrange it?" "Very simply. If a patient is sick, no matter whether he is seriously ill or not, I always tell his friends to send for a priest and have him prepared for death.

"But how does that help you?" "In this way: If the patient dies everybody says: 'What a good doctor that American is; he knew from the very start that the patient was going to die, and how considerate the doctor was to send for a priest and have the poor man's spiritual interests looked

How then?" "If the patient recovers his friends

say: 'What a capable physician that American doctor is. The poor patient was in the last extremity; the priest had even been called in to prepare him for death, and yet the American doctor ing with a will, clearing away the saved him.' So, you see, in either event enormous masses of ore and rock. The I'm solid with the people, and consequently I have a splendid practice."-

Texas Siftings. -Loring says that during thirtyherself worked until her strength was eight years in one western state, whose exhausted. Gang relieved gang and name he does not give, the number of still the great mass seemed to become mortgages executed was 200,000, and but the more impregnable. On the sec- their nominal value \$180,000,000.

ond day the men paused, for they THE WILSON BILL AND WAGES. False Alarm of Monopolistic American

Manufacturers. From many quarters we hear of rethem," shouted a miner. "To work establishments, and from more we hear threats of reduction in case the Then Kate, aroused from her stupor, Wilson bill becomes law. The reductions which have actually been made are the results of the business depression, which is due primarily to the "My arm is strong, father," she said. panic of last summer and the inevitably They gazed at her and let her have slow and painful process of recovery. The threatened reductions are vocifer-"Her sweetheart's there;" said one ously declared to be the necessary result of the lower duties. For twenty years it has been preached and pro-On the third day the tapping was claimed that a high tariff makes wages fainter and then it ceased. The next high, and that a low tariff means a remorning they reached the men. The duction of wages to the pauper limit Englishman was dead, apparently. of Europe. We are told that now we Both bodies were taken to the surface. shall have the proof of the pudding in the eating. What is the truth of the had fallen unconscious. Suddenly one matter? of the men who had been bending over

> range of wages in the United States is due to the high protective system is really one of the most preposterous of the many preposterous ideas on economic subjects which have had vogue in this country. The reader who will look in the books on political economy to see what they have to say about wages and about the causes which make them high and low will find plenty of difference of opinion on this topic among the economists; but the one thing he will not find any reputable writer to say is that the protective system makes wages high or that a free-trade system makes them low. If the books are supposed to be the works of abstract theorists, who keep far from the realities of life, we need only regard a few simple and obvious facts of history to discover that a high tariff cannot be the cause of high wages. This country has tried almost every sort of tariff system, beginning in 1789 with duties which the protectionists of our day would consider outrageously low, and ending a century later in the McKinley tariff act, with duties which the free-trader considers outrageously high. Throughout all the vacillations of tariff policy, under revenue tariffs and moderate tariffs and extreme tariffs, wages here have been steadily higher than in European countries. The simple explanation is that this is a country of rich and abundant resources, developed by an active, energetic and ingenious people, in which the great sufficient to maintain order, we request productiveness of industry insures a high range of material welfare. Wages with us are high from permanent and abiding causes, and, fortunately, do other artificial prop.

With this it is not inconsistent to ad-

mit freely that the wages of some particular classes of laborers, in some limited groups of manufacturing industheir greater skill, energy and produc- aided and abetted the insurrection. tiveness. In industries of this sort the paying lower wages, would compel there is really such a connection between the duties and high wages every proceed with the utmost care, and should not expose to a sudden reversal of fortune or a sudden change of occu- Liliuokalani belongs mainly to Mr. legislation has induced to enter into true of the capital embarked in them. Vested rights should receive their due consideration. We believe they have received their due consideration in the Wilson bill. There may be reductions that go beyond the dauger-line in some particular duties; but have we not been authoritatively told that even the Mc-Kinley bill made a mistake or two? The common-sense and the political interest of the democrats may be trusted to prevent them from making changes that promise to be really destructive; and the testimony of the protected manufacturers as to the effect of duties must be received with the same allowances as the pleading of a lawyer for his client.

But the number of shaky and de pendent industries, as compared with the whole manufacturing system, is insignificant; and in any case there is no threat of free competition from abroad. From the clamor which has been raised it might be supposed that the Wilson bill gave up all protective dures forever.-Bohemian, in Detroit duties entirely, and that all foreign goods were going to come in on easy terms. The fact is that the Wilson bill is a careful and conservative measure, and that the duties, even as reduced, stil leave a large margin of protection for the domestic manufacturer. It must be remembered, too, that the temptation to make partisan capital out of reductions and threats of reductions of wages is one of the many bad results of that unfortunate alliance of polities and manufacturing which has marked the history of the last ten years. The manufacturer who objects to the Wilson bill because it will cut down his profits or compel him to introduce economies and improve his methods to meet foreign competition is likely to proclaim that he will reduce wages, just as he will virtually compel his operatives to sign petitions against the tariff bill, all with the hope of staving off the inevitable. No doubt, too, many manufacturers are in good faith fearful of the consequences of the proposed measure. They have keen told for years that their business depends upon the tariff, and that they cannot pay their wages unless bolstered up by the tariff. They are fearful and uncertain of what may happen, and they join in the general alarm. Under these conditions the thing to do is to pass the tariff act with all possible speed, and get the element of uncertainty out of the way. When this is done it will appear that the cry of wolf has been raised for naught, and that the labor of the county is in no danger from a loosening of the bands which have fettered our industry and enterprise.-Harper's Weekly.

"But suppose the patient gets well. The republican members of congress are doing what they can to postpone consideration of the tariff bill. They are using the extreme resort of preventing a quorum. They cannot depend upon reason to accomplish their ends for the reasons are all favorable to democratic purposes.-Albany Argus.

--- Speaker Crisp is not so brash in

DON QUIXOTE STEVENS. What an Authority on International Law

Says of Him. One of the points most hotly conductions of wages in manufacturing tended for by the defenders of Mr. Stevens is that he only gave his recognition of the provisional government, as the de facto government of the islands, after the committee of public safety had taken possession of the government buildings, archives and treasury, and after the provisional government had been installed at the heads of these respective departments. Possibly this may be true, although very strong evidence to the contrary is offered. It is possible that Mr. Stevens may have actually deferred recognition of the provisional government until such occupation of the public buildings, but that does not seem to be the only, or indeed the important, question in the case. If by his action he coerced the feeble administration of the queen

The notion that the general high to yield up its power and to succumb before the authority of the United States, then to argue that he should escape criticism because of this delay is simply rettifogging. The expression may be harsh, but it is the only proper one. The truth seems to be that he had arranged the matters with the insurrectionists; that he had given them his promise: that the soldiers had been landed; that the moral forces at his command were used and the physical forces held ready for action, and when, under these combined influences, the government resigned, he appeared for the first time formally to recognize an administration of his own creation. But even this attempt at palliation is disposed of by Judge Dole, a gentleman in whom Mr. Stevens places the highest confidence, and whose veracity he must be the last man in the world to impeach. Judge Dole writes on January 17, 1893, the very day on which Mr. Stevens had refused any longer to regard Mr. Parker and others as ministers, and says: "I acknowledge receipt of your valued communication of this day recognizing the Hawaiian provisional government, and express deep appreciation of the same. We have conferred with the ministers of the late government, and have made demand upon the marshal to surrender the station house. We are not actually yet in possession of the station house; but as night is approaching, and our forces may be in-

States forces," etc. We must leave this highly respectable man, Judge Dole, to reconcile his not depend on tariff legislation or any statement with Mr. Stevens' declaration. If Judge Dole was telling the truth, at a time when there was no reason why he should dissemble or disregard it, he was not in possession of the station house at the time when he tries, may be seriously affected by the was thanking Mr. Stevens for his recduties. The high duties of the last ognition of the provisional governgeneration have forced into existence ment. Until these two gentlemen have some industries in which the efficiency settled this question, it must be asof labor and capital is not up to the sumed, with all the probabilities in general average, and in which the favor of the assumption, that Mr. manufacturer who pays high wages to Stevens had actually, as he certainly his workmen is not compensated by had in intent, promoted, encouraged. The downfall of the monarchy may

free competition of foreign producers, or may not be a desirable event, the queen may or may not be what her eneither a reduction of wages or an emies charge; Judge Dole and his assoabandonment of the industry. Where ciates may absorb in themselves all the cardinal and other virtues, but it is difficult for an impartial man to escape one would say that congress should the conviction that whatever good, whatever credit and whatever praise may attach to the downfall of Queen pation the workmen whom our tariff Stevens. Judge Dole and other excellent gentlemen may have a just claim weak-kneed industries. The same is to a small part of the success, but the chief actor is undoubtedly Mr. Stevens. Truly he did it; and if it be part of the occupation of United States envoys to act the part of international Don Quixotes, to use their office and their power to subvert governments that do not suit their tastes, and to arrange new establishments more to their own liking, he has earned the gratitude of his countrymen. In the meanwhile, his zealous efforts have made it imperative upon our people to decide how far they will ratify his acts, thereby establishing precedents which are very sure, if followed, to relieve our international relations from the reproach of being tame or monotonous.-F. R. Coudert

## in North American Review. PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

-Assistant Secretary Reynolds de cides that a soldier, while hunting for

(Rep.). -The small politicians in Washington who would like to drive Gresham | like a market basket. out of President Cleveland's cabinet make poor headway in this business. their way, viz., Cleveland himself, who partially bears in mind just how unfriendly these political intriguers have been to him from the start. -Boston

Transcript (Rep.). -The monster petition business seems likely to be the principal card played by the republicans in the tariff lebate. We observe, however, that Chairman Wilson understands how most of the names on these big rolls have been secured. They will hardly have so much weight in congress as did the secret ballots that were cast in November, 1892, after the tariff question had been fully and freely discussed. - Boston Herald.

-At last we have evidence that McKinley did learn something, after all, from the terrible beating his party got under his leadership in 1890 and 1893. In his recent message to the Onio legislature, he warned the majority that it would be held by the people to strict accountability. He said "it should keep the expenses safely within the revenues," evidently having in mind the awful blunder he and his party made in congress in bankrupting the treasury. "There should be no in crease in the rate of taxation," he added, as though to say: "Take warning by me and my bill and avoid the fate that overtook me."-N. Y. Post.

-Chairman Wilson's speech open ing the tariff debate is worthy of his fame as a master of the subject and a past master of the art of clear, cogen and convincing statement. His history of the depletion of the treasury under the Harrison-Reed rule presents the facts in an orderly and accurate manner. They are commended to the special attention of those who are harping upon the deficit as a reason why burdensome taxes cannot be replaced by others that are not burdenthe matter of counting quorums as ex- some. If the democratic argument Speaker Reed is in furnishing the pro- shall be kept up to the key struck by vocation. The Reed rules still lie Mr. Wilson even this threadbare submoldering in the crypt.-Boston Her- ject will be invested with new interest.-N. Y. World.

PITH AND POINT.

-If some men had a bulldog's teeth they would outdo him in biting.-Ram's Horn.

-Jasper-"Is Carson married?" Jumpuppe-"He must be. He has been smoking bad cigars ever since Christmas."-N. Y. Herald.

-"Bilkein's a strong face, or I'm no judge of physiognomy." "It ought to be. He and his whole family are living on it."-Buffalo Courier.

-The fellow who starts out for a staving good time often has a barrel of badly bunged-up condition.—Buffalo Courier.

-The officers of the army are hereafter to have whistles in their sword hilts. They will then be better able to return blow for blow. - Boston Transcript.

-He-"You seem to be thinking hard." She-"I was." He-"Of me?" She-"Why, Mr. Timmid! I just couldn't think hard of you."-Indianapolis Journal.

Doctor-"How long has this rheumatism you complain of been giving you trouble?" Mrs. Jumble-"Ever since my husband was caught out in the rain."-Inter-Ocean.

-Starter-"I met a man this morning who said I looked like you." Smartley-"Tell me who he is, and I'll go and knock him down." Starter-'I did that myself."-Tit-Bits.

-"The death of her husband must have been a dreadful blow to Mrs. Musicale." "It was, indeed." "I suppose she has given up her piano-play. ing entirely?" "No, she still plays; but only on the black keys."-Tit-Bits. -Young wife (to house decorator)-

"I hope you will got this finished this afternoon." Painter-"Well, mum, I can do yer swallers and roses right enough; but I must tell yer, if yer want the panels finished this afternoon, it won't run to Coopids."-Pick-Me-Up. -"Mamma, dear," said Janet, "at

what time in the day was I born?" "At two o'clock in the morning." "And what time was I born?" asked Jack. "Not until eight o'clock." "Ah," cried Janet, "my birthday's longer than yours!" "Well," said Jack, "what's the use of being born before it's time to get up?"-Tit-Bits. -O'Connell had got a man off at one

time for highway robbery, and, at anthe immediate support of the United other, for burglary; but, on a third occasion, for stealing a coasting brig, the task of hoodwinking the jury seemed too great for even his powers of cajolery. However, he made out that the crime was committed on the high seas, and obtained an acquittal. The prisoner lifted up his hand and eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed: "May the Lord long spare you, Mr. O'Connell-to me!"

-Self-Defense.-The boarder on the top floor was before the court for asault and battery. "Why," asked judge, "did you strike the man?" "I did it in self-defense, your honor." "In self-defense? Why the testimony shows you went into his room, next to yours, where he was playing the piano, and struck him with a club. Is is true?" "Yes, your honor." "And do you call that self-defense?" "Certainly your honor; and so would you, if you had ever heard him play."-Detroit Free Press.

HER PRECIOUS BASKET.

She Treasured It Too Much to Let It Go A fat woman stopped a down-bound Cold Spring car the other night and climbed aboard as best she could. She was handicapped by her flesh and a big market basket which she was carrying. The car was crowded, and she had great difficulty in getting into the restibule.

"Madam," said the conductor, "I can ind a place for that basket over here.' "What's that?" she asked, sharply. "I say that I can find a place for that

basket over here." "Young man, I couldn't think of letting that basket go out of my hands." "But you're blocking up the doorway

with it there." "I can't help that. I paid my fare and my basket goes with me. I would set it down, only I don't dare let it go out of my hands. Its contents are val-

"But you must get it out of the

The fat woman sputtered and scolded and wound up by saying that pleasure, is not entitled to a pension. she would not put the basket down; That is sense, and it is a pity that any she would not get off the car; that she of President Harrison's assistants didn't care if she did block up the ever held otherwise. -Buffalo Express | doorway and the conductor was no gentleman, anyhow, or he wouldn't speak to a lady about a little thing

"Madam," said the conductor after the fat woman had quieted down, "it There happens to be a great obstacle in | will be perfectly safe over here in the

"I don't believe it. I am afraid to trust it there. The contents of this basket are likely to get hurt down there under those men's feet."

And she stood there all the way from Bryant street to Swan, and every person who got off or on rubbed against that basket. The men swore and the women said "Dear me!" and looked unutterable things. And the fat woman hung on to her basket. When the car stopped at Swan street

an undersized man who was crowded into one corner of the vestibule said: "Excuse me, madam, but if you won't consider it impertinence, I would like to know what you have in that

basket that you are guarding so close-The fat woman looked pleased. "Well," she said, "I don't mind tellin' you, seein' you inquired. They's a lot of oid magazines that my daughter

let me take to read." And the conductor swore seven times under his breath and then went out and said sarcastic things to the motorman.-Buffalo Express.

An After Thought. "Bill!" called the old farmer to the hired man, "go an' feed them pigs." "I've done fed 'em." "Go an' feed the cows." "I've done fed 'em."

"Go an' feed the horses."

"I've done fed 'em." "Go an' feed the chickens." "I've done fed 'em." "Well, go an' feed yourself then; seems to me somethin' ought to be hungry 'round here," and the way Bill got in to where the eating was was a mar-

velous specimen of speed. - Detroit Free Press. His Idea of It. Sunday-school Teacher-Bobby, can

you name the three graces? Bobby-Yes'm; the world, the flesh and the devil .- Judge.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

-Feather Cake: Two cups sugar, onehalf cup butter, two-thirds cup milk, three cups flour, three eggs and three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. This is a delicious tea cake. - Farm, Field and Fire-

-Maryland Oyster Stew: Drain the liquor from five dozen fresh oysters and put it on to boil in a saucepan; rub the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, a tablespoonful of flour and a teacup of butter together; add to the liquor, with the fun before arriving at his home in a juice of a lemon, the oysters, pepper and salt. Let boil up once and serve.-Harper's Bazar.

-Fried Chicken with Cream Sauce: Cut two chickens in pieces and sprinkle with pepper and salt about an hour before dinner. Beat two eggs, dip each piece in this and fry in hot lard. Boil up a cup and a half of cream or rich milk, and add a spoonful of butter rubbed in, a spoonful of flour with a little salt. Stir constantly till it boils again. Lay the chickens on a hot dish, pour the sauce around them and serve.-Boston Bud-

-Cranberry Shortcake: Mix into a pound of self-rising flour a half-cupful of shortening. Add by degrees about a pint of cold milk. Stir up with a knife as quickly as possible. Turn the paste on a floured board, dredge with flour, roll it out to the thickness of half an inch. Bake it in rather a quick oven. It is better to make it into two cakes about the size of a breakfast plate, rather than to bake it in one sheet. When done slip a knife around the edge and separate the cake in two by pulling it apart. Butter it, spread with sauce number two, either hot or cold, sprinkle with sugar and serve plain or with cream. -Good Housekeeping.

-Nut Pudding: One cup each of suet, molasses, sweet milk and selected raisins; the meats from a pound of English walnuts minced fine; four ounces of chopped figs, one nutmeg grated, a teaspoonful of salt and one of soda; two and a half cups of flour; mix like a plum pudding, steam two and a half hours, and cat with the following cream sauce: Beat to a cream half a cup of butter and one of powdered sugar; whip a cup of sweet cream and stir into the butter and sugar; put the whole in a double boiler over the fire and stir until it looks foamy and smooth. This is, of course, too rich a pudding for daily use, but for a "once in awhile pudding" it can not be exceled.-American Agriculturist.

-Plain Pie: One bowlful of chopped meat, two bowlfuls of chopped apples, one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of currants, two cupfuls of jelly, spices of all kinds. Add raisins to each pie. If you haven't meat or apples, and still would have scraps of cake and crusts of bread, and soak over night. Mash very fine, add a cupful of jelly, one-half a cupful of vinegar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful each of currants, and chopped, seeded raisins, and all the spices available. A large tablespoonful of cocoa makes it richer and darker. A tablespoonful of butter should be added. Thin with juice from any canned fruit. Bake in two crusts. Ignorance will pronounce this a very good mince pie.-Housekeeper.

WASTEFULNESS IN THE HOUSE. Clothes Are Often Ruined Through Lack

"There are many people who waste and destroy by carelessness more than they wear out by use," said a woman, who had for years been the proprietress of a large boarding-house. "There are persons in my house who buy at least double what they would need if they took any proper care of their things. but they come home at night, and on the plea that they are too tired to put them away properly, they throw their clothes down anywhere they may happen to be, and then wonder that they never have anything fit to wear.

"At least a dozen hats and bonnets have been spoiled during the past year. simply because it was too much trouble to put them away. They are thrown upon chairs, and then some one comes in and drops a shawl, wrap or cape over them; then some one else comes and gently subsides into the same chair, and where is the hat? Possibly the damage is not discovered until the owner of it wants to go out the next day, and then there is a hue and cry and, as a general thing, new hat must be bought forthwith. It is just so with clothing of all sorts. Some one is caught in the rain, the dress is wet and muddy, and the wearer unfastens it and as likely as not drops it on the floor in one corner of her room and there it stays until morning. As a matter of course, it is an absolutely hopeless wreck, and a new dress is required. I long ago lost all patience with young women who are always having to buy new things to replace those that have been spoiled by carelessness. Three-fourths of the woman-boarders in my house waste more every year than my entire wardrobe costs during the same time, and this, too, simply because it is too much trouble for them to take care of their things. I think one of the first lessons that every parent should teach children, boys and girls alike, is to take proper care of their clothes .- N. Y.

The Secret of Attractiveness. A certain plain girl whose eyes are

almost a deformity, because they have no sockets, and whose complexion is unpleasantly muddy, is in constant demand by her own sex, and the most popular woman of her set with masculinity, while her handsome younger sister has to take up with the left-over in companionship. One who is under the spell of the plain daughter's charm explains the fascination as the simple art of being a perfect listener. "We all," he says, "old and young, male and female, like to talk, and she has the knack of leading us gently on to express our opinions, with the closest interest in every word." Every girl will admit that she would rather be popular than be president, and yet how many will clutch at this key to certain attractions? Few will think even that it is worth the cost of the precious privilege known as holding the floor when the tailor-made miss exploits herself and discusses her conquests.-N. Y. Recorder.

-The reason it makes a liar mad to call him one is because he doesn't want to look at himself.—Ram's Horn.

-A little weed has no more right to grow than a big one.-Ram's Horn.